Title: Chill.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, noncon.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Castiel.
Word Count: 608 words.
Summary: Castiel finds himself in the Cage despite all of his power.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was sensation play, despite the original intent to use the caged prompt. Oh well!

Thanks to **ravenspear** for the first line and the initial idea. :3

(Castiel claws at his arms, the heat pushing out his ability to think and the cold of Lucifer a grounding yet repulsive presence, and the walls around him looming in.)

- Current Mood: thirsty

Castiel kneels on primordial ice, fingers digging into it like claws as his breath mists across the clear surface of the Cage. He growls at the futility of his actions, and rises only when his fingers are too numb to use.

"Having fun?"

Castiel whirls around, then stops when he spots Lucifer. He hadn't known that there would still be company down here; he had thought that God would find some other place to toss his ill-used get.

"Michael broke," Lucifer says without waiting for Castiel's response. "I didn't know he could be humble and mean it." He shrugs as he throws his arms around Castiel's neck and presses close, too close. He's too strong for Castiel to pry off, and Castiel can't stop him from sliding under the coat.

"Lucifer," Castiel says. "Let go."

"I'm lonely," Lucifer says. "It's lonelier in here when you're used to company." He kisses Castiel's chin. "Keep me warm?"

Castiel pushes him away; tries to and fails. Lucifer's grip is too strong now. Castiel closes his eyes for a moment before he stares straight ahead, trying to be patient. He doesn't miss it when the walls inch closer together, and he watches as the Cage shrinks itself. He will admit relief when the motion stops, even if the Cage is now barely big enough for them to maintain a good distance between

each other.

"Have you done this?" Castiel asks.

"I live here." Lucifer says. It might be an answer. "Please, don't let go."

Castiel tilts his head down to look at him again, and holds still when Lucifer kisses him.

Lucifer slides an icy hand down Castiel's chest, chill apparent through the thin fabric of his shirt, and Castiel is forced to interfere when Lucifer touches his belt.

"No."

"Yes," Lucifer whispers, and slips his hand inside. "I need you."

The Cage gets smaller, and when Castiel tries to back up, he bumps into a wall. He's trapped, now, and he can't push Lucifer away because there is no room.

Lucifer hums in satisfaction. He grips Castiel's cock and strokes it, and he kisses Castiel, swallowing Castiel's pained cry at the cold grip.

Lucifer gets what he wants when Castiel struggles in his grasp, grace flaring as he tries to create space so that he has somewhere to run *to* - heat blossoms between them despite Castiel's intentions, and abruptly it doesn't hurt to have Lucifer's hand on him anymore.

"Feverish," Lucifer mutters, continuing to kiss Castiel and stroke him. "Don't burn too brightly now."

Castiel claws at his arms, the heat pushing out his ability to think and the cold of Lucifer a grounding yet repulsive presence, and the walls around him looming in. He panics; draws blood and cries out as Lucifer pulls him closer. There's too much contact now, too much sensation for Castiel to process and then Lucifer wraps his own grace around Castiel and he's gone.

He gives himself over to everything and pleasure and twists in Lucifer's hold, grinding against him now, crying out in pleasure now; moaning.

When Lucifer kisses him he is enthusiastic in his reply, lost in the cold of Lucifer's tongue and lips and teeth, grounded by a wall at his back and a cold grip on the base of his cock.

Lucifer isn't warming up, instead he's a sponge that never seems to fill; he's sucking all of Castiel's heat away and when Castiel comes with a violent jerk he stops fighting it, lets his heat go.

Lucifer lets go just as his chill was becoming tolerable, and the walls fall back when Castiel was learning to lean on them.